BY THE SEA.

As on the lonely shore they strayed, The scholar and the fisher maid, Boside the melancholy sea.
They talked how this and that might be;
And, wrinkled by the ebbing tide.
The flat wet weed-strewn sands stretched far and wide.

Twas evening, and a wistful glow Spread where the ruddy sun hung low; The autumn day was hasting by And sight encompassing the sky; October's fair delightful afternoon Sped, like a holiday that ends too scon

" 'T is strange," the scholar said, "to deem How seldom things are what they seem!
The great sun rises not nor sets
But stays forever—like regrets."
"Not so, replied the pensive fisher maiden:
"The sun sets rest, with all day's sorrows

" Shall I or not." the scholar thought. "Take to my heart this mind untaught? Should I or should I not regret
Lore's sunrise when love's sun had set?"
Aloud he said: "The sun's apparent setting

Is like the apparent passing of regretting. The long gray wavelets murmured faint, Like a dull, pitiful complaint;
Far out at sea a single sail
Caught the vibration of a gale.
"Nay," said the maid, "for when the stars com

peeping. Beneath the sea the wearled sun lies sleeping. He looked down upon her, and the sun Went down. "See, now," she said, "'t is

But love remains," the scholar cried. And the low washing of the wanton sea Filled the salt breeze with plaintive melody.

"Tires ebb and flow—the sea remains, Like love, with all its joys and pains, He said. "Love cannot end and die While the sun blazes in the sky.
Sweet, I entreat you lay your hand in mine:
The earth grows dark, yet still the sun doth

Then the soft rippling of the tide Like some glad, tender music sighed; And if the sun sank down or stayed Was nothing to the man and maid. As, by the sea's great, careless, fickle heart. They took each other, till death them should

SILY'S INVESTMENT.

A Pretty Romance and a Glad Home-Coming.

"Shet to that door, Silas, so's it'll ketch. It's cold ternight. Who'd think 'twas the middler May. 'F I didn't know better, I sh'd say thar was snow

"That would be the beatinest, I'low," said Silas Baldwin, giving the door an firmness, "but it's downright chilly. and no mistake. This must be the tail he's wavin' his tail as sorter partin' share in the expense I am willing to short, and coolin' of the nir," and undertake, and I assure you I will do "Yes, father," said his son's voice Silas, smiling broadly at his own wit, gave a look with his deep-set twink- on the plans later. I warrant that a pale little woman on his arm, "it's she felt like smiling to-night. But Agatha only drew the small black and in. I shall want to hear from you to carry on." ders, then held her kuitting up bestitch. When that was done, she inquired of Silas, who had subsided, and the idea of seeing the old place and who had run back to their father and who sat in a corner grunting, as he you two, for all I have been away so mother, awed by their reception. Then pulled off his boots with some difficulty, if he had "ben to the corner."

"Yes-er," as the boot came. "Any mail?" with more interest ara manifestad

two er me. 'Well, one er me's all I want,' I sez, 'and it's no recommend,' 1 sez. 'to your cobblerin' to stamp now ez how I think he was," and Silas started. However, when she saw the homespun socks incased in easy carpet told her friends, that what was her 'haste was Silases leesure."

"D'you say there was any mail?" "Seems ter me there was," said Silas, talmly, as he spread the newspaper across his knee and felt for his glasses. He found the letter first, but it was not until his glasses were discovered and established, and he had spent newed their youth. "I ust to think looked over the envelope at Agatha, who sat knitting still, apparently un-concerned, but whose repression her one day what was the matter of her chair and her pursed lips. Silns' she needed to doctor some or she'd be small eyes twinkled. "Seems to me," way down where she couldn' git up: he said at length, "this is for-why! it's for you, Agathy, arter all. Bless me, how dull I be! I was trying to when she'd git thinkin' er Sily so fur make a missus into a esquare;" and coming over to Agatha with his clumsy tread, he dropped the letter in her lap, and then 'pulled the little curl that hung in front of her ear, as he had done in courting days, the curl thin and gray. "Your man's a born tease, Agathy-can't help it-born so; but for better or wuss, you know, Agathy, especially when the letter's from Sily boy," and Silas' hand fin-

gered the gray curl. "From Sily?" Agatha had controlled her eagerness until now. Then she lifted her faded eyes and gave Silas one long affectionate look before she opened it. The boy's name hedged

"Set here, Silas," she said in a softer tone, as she pointed to a chair beside her; "we'll read it to onct. Then we'll know together the good or the bad of it. How long sence together came?" his plan, and the smiles of approval she went on, as she inserted a knitting | which passed between the old people needle in one corner; and her hand and as they watched John Willis perfect her voice both trembled.

"To-day's thirteenth er May, I reckonz how't was right after Christmas, sayin' as he'd got our things."

"'Twas January seven at'leven in the mornin'," said Agatha, excitedly, as she extracted the letter and blew up the envelope to see if it was empty. "I was makin' thoroughwort tea for Mis' Sawtelle, and Eph Rowell brung it in. 'You'll scuse me,' I says, as polite as was necessary, while I read my letter.
'I sh' think,' she snapped, shorter'n piecrust, 'the letter might wait fifteen er me regardin' Sily's affairs. I tell migutes.' 'It won't,' I says, and that's the last thoroughwort tea Lize Sawtelle ever got made in this house.

"Now, ps. can you see?" she con-tinued in altered tones," "somehow my spece ain't as good at writing as at do it."

"Don't need wipin', do they, Agathy?" ventured Silas. "Mine was m'ist a minate ago." And sitting side by side, facing the table with its single shadeless lamp on the green cover, the two old people, each with a hand on the broad business sheet, read slowly and

painstakingly, with numerous interpolations the following letter:

White Springs, Idaho, May 7, 189—

lie white for 'sperimentin'—I dunno.
U' course them open fireplaces in what
looks like his office and private room's

MY DEAR MOTHER: "It is about time for me to write to "It is about time for me to write to you and father again, and let you waited so long, and it won't be many know that all is well with me." Siles days now," and Agatha's hand closed nooded assent vigorously—"I think I on a letter in her pocket, received that am growing stout"—"think of that, afternoon. Agathy!" Agatha's eyebrows went up -"and lasy"-"no never," said Silas, sobering, "not a lazy bun' in that boy." sobering, "not a lazy bun' in that boy." make a fine chamber for Sily. It over "Hold still, Silas, do," said Agatha, as looks all his old ha'nts down by the "Hold still, Silas, do," said Agatha, as Silas, holding the page emphesized his statement. "But I think I will write something that will surprise you." "What do you suppose it is, Agatha?" said Silas, in a loud whisper. "Silas Bald'in," said Agatha, trying to look severe, "if you don't hold still, you shan't look on. I spose the easiest can keep a secret too, can't we, Agas shan't look on. I spose the easiest can keep a secret too, can't we, Agaway to find out is to read the letter, and silas' deep-set eyes shone, and your hand is a goin' like the shak- and Agatha's curls shook almost merin' palsey. Do let go, pa. There's a clay.

dear." But Silas had no such intention of being so bribed, though he day, and the evening sky was glorious go on, I'll keep stiff."

said, very humbly: "All right, Agathy, with fluffy clouds amid the rosy lights "You know," the letter went on, "that I have made considerable money in the seven years I left home." "Is it seven, ma?" said Silas.

"Yes," sighed Agatha, "and I have across the porch, and then down to the some good investments out here, which do not need my presence—"
"Stage a leetle late, Silas?" ques"Silas," and Agatha dropped her tioned Agatha, at length. They had side of the sheet, "you don't spose he ceased to talk. Words seemed useless.

"Read on, ma; read on," exclaimed Most anythin good ud seem late terthe old man, excitedly, "and beside I have become interested in an investment that I can do elsewhere as well as here, and better, I am told—" the followed for no especial reason. The two old faces were very near the paper now-"in fact if you and pa will cooperate I do not see why I cannot

"Silas!" "O ma, dear," and the old hand trembled well now, and ma's glasses were

anywhere-"

carry it on as well at Broton Centre as

very dim. Still they read on. "I am not going to tell you what the business is, but my coming to Broton with it, will call for a small building or a number of rooms of some kind. You have often talked of building an ell on the old house but I do not re- strong man's voice, and the two old member of your ever having written people grasped each other's hand. The that it was done."

"What's the use of a new ell for us old folks," interpolated Silas: "there's child followed by another of the same room enough to be lonely in now," size. "Is this g'anpa?" said the first; and Agatha nodded her head. "-now "Is this g'anma?" said the second, and this is my project (the letter contin- before the old people could move, the extra push behind him to ensure its | ued), if you will build that new two- two little children had climbed the story ell and reserve three or four step to their side and put up their litrooms for my own use in my business the hands for a greeting, and exclaimed ender the back bun'er winter. Reckon I will write further regarding the in a chorus. "I'se Aggie;" "I'se little the correct thing. Then we can settle that moment, entering the porch with ling eyes, at Agatha his wife, to see if this will be nothing you or pa will be all true. This is your daughter Mary, white checked shawl over her shoul-ders, then held her knitting up be-hand at writing. I want to see you husband's shoulder. Silas with his tween her eyes and the light and, and pa more and more each day, and hands behind him, looked straight befrom beneath her glasses, picked up a stitch. When that was done, she inlong-"

"Poor Sily boy," murmured Silas, and Agatha gripped the big hand under the table.

"I like the west. "Soon's I git this blamed thing off," the wildness of the feeling that made side, who had grown paler, and stepjerked Silas. 'There! I swow if I'll me leave home so long ago before I ping close to his father and mother he never git Mose Bean afoul er my foot had done anything for either of you, took a hand of each before replying. ag'in. I told him they were Cinderillys although I have tried to make it up when he got 'em finished, but he since I have been able, but I was no and all that is good, it is all right; it lowed ez how they's big enough for more than a boy, you know, mother—" all that it should be. You know I told you that your boy Sily was odd, but "Yes, Sily boy," said Silas.

-"Many's the time those first two years I would have come, but it was a you not a welcome for your daughter yer boots by sich remarks.' 'Oh!' sez long journey, but I was poor and he, i Silas, I was a foolin, 'n' I low proad, too, I expect; then later I your son?" would not leave, and then when I flung the scorned footgear behind the might possibly have come there were right," said Silas that evening a score stove with such force that Agatha things I thought held me. But those days have passed, and now I want to and little Sily," as he sat with one on come as badly as ever, and I am comslippers she continued-years of ex- ing home. Your boy Sily has been odd, a-known they wasn't both boys or perience having taught her, as she I know, but he has never been bad. mother. Remember that. This letter is for father, too, and I know you will read it together. Write soon. I shall wait impatiently to hear. Good-by.

Your affectionate son, "SILAS BALDWIN, JR." It seemed to neighbors that summer as if Silas and Agatha Baldwin had resome minutes on the address, that he that Mis' Bald'in was pindlin' at one time," said Mrs. Sawtelle to Moses showed itself in the short rocking of her, she looked so weakly. I told her but I declare to goodness I think 'twas jest one of them spells she always had away. 'Cause now he's comin' and she's lost that mauger look, and seems so them curls er hern dangled harder'n

I've seen 'em sence Sily went off." The rebuilding went steadily on. The old ell was pulled down and when which from a rich brown had grown the carpenter came to consult Silas and Agatha about the new one, he re-

> "It's goin' to leave yer main house way down out er sight. Couldn't think er raisin' that, could ve? It's goin' to he saw the climate of White Springs er raisin' that, could ye? It's goin' to leaving its marks on Mary, her face leave yer main house way down out er sight

Silas and Agatha looked at each other. Then Agatha said: "Why not? Mebbe Sily'll want it busy himself, with occasional visits sometime for his own use. He's young west, in Broton Center. "But the out all feeling of even slight annovance. | you know, Silas."

"Yes," said the old man, "and it isn't prob'bl he'll alwers want to live cluded, looking around at Mary and So it was agreed, and the the two babies curled up on the sofa. looks of satisfaction bestowed upon his suggestion convinced him that he had spoken happily.

gones, as it has turned out. We was saved more worryin' than we did." The time of completion at last arrived, and one lovely evening in early and the twins, set up his business in August, after the last trace of building the new ell, and in the large new room and painting had been removed, Silas in the new main house, a welcome surand Agatha walked around their new prise to the son. And old Silas' eyes domain and were content.

"Nobudy'd suspicion that ell was when Sily came within their range of anythin' more'n an ell to any house, vision, and Agatha's curls shook steadwould they, ma?" said Silas, his hands | ily over little Aggie's irresistible ways. 'em I ain't at liberty to tell. It's true, too, ain't it? I reckon 'f I can wait to making love to me every time you call know, they can; 'n' they know it ain't I must ask you to discontinue your anythin' monstrous or dishonest, or he visits. wouldn't be comin' to his old home to

He-Only marry me, and I'll neves speak another word of love as long as

"Tain't nothin' but en ell, anyhow, | we live .- N. Y. Ledges.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Silas," said Agatha, after seconding

more for ornament than anythin' else.

"I think," said Silas, "that big new

ently calm, although Agatha's rocking-

chair displayed its usual signal of agi-

tation, and Silas occasionally walked

"I danno. Seems ez how it must be

"I'll step in and light up now, I

guess," said Agatha, rising; and Silas

stage from Westlea was late, and it

was dark before the rattle of its

wheels was heard along the road. It

stopped by the house, as Silas and

Agatha hastened to throw open the

door, and peered out into the dark-

ness, seeing nothing. Then an inex-plainable feeling held them to the

porch, as they heard voices from the

stage. They would have their greet-

ing after it had driven away, but Silas'

shaking voice spoke notwithstanding: "Is that you, Sily?"

Silas spoke.

should be?"

"Yes, father, in a moment," came a

"Sily boy, 'fore Heaven and all that's

good, is-this all right? All as-it

Young Silas Baldwin left his wife'

"Father-mother, before Heaven

that he was not bad. And now have

Mary, for Aggie and little Sily and for

of times, "and these uns are Aggie

each knee, "upon my soul! who'd

both gals, in their dresses! An', Mary,

p'r'aps I ain't treated you decent, but

you see I ain't used to havin a daugh-

ter; but nobody could be gladder.

and, bending over her, he gave her a

tender kiss which proved a seal of

mutual affection. His son Silas ex-

plained his position. His first year in

the west had been an unsuccessful

search for a successful opening. Then

when it came and he was established

on a small salary he fell in love with

Mary Grey. There was promise of ad-

vancement and Mary and he were persuaded they could be happy together

on but little. So it proved, even after

frail as she was, was a true helpmeet

in courage and encouragement, and

he often felt if it were not for the

bright home of two rooms, poorly but

cheerily furnished, to which he re-

turned at night, met by loving wel-

come and little warm arms, he should

have gone adrift. He had kept the

marriage from his parents at first like the odd boy he was, know-

ing that he could not explain sat-

isfactorily. Then it grew easy not

becoming pale and her manner list-

less, he began to bestir himself. Op-

portunities occurred, advantageous to

his leaving, and he found he could

business I wanted the rooms for, you

"Sily, boy, you couldn't a-planned better. You didn't tell us, we know.

Mebbe 'twasn't right-mebbe 'twas

only odd; but we'll let bygones be by-

So Silas Baldwin, Junior, with Mary

twinkled harder than ever, especially

Very Likely.

-Helen J. Wilder, in Interior.

can understand now mother," he con-

the twins came. For Mary, small and

"And it's all right, Sily, boy, it's all

gate, and looked up the road.

Silas' remarks by numerous shakes of the head, which set her earls in mo-She -"You look all worn out. Have fon been working hard?" He-"Yes, father; I've been having a holiday." tion: "I should nevel think, even gold" through it, that it was to be a office or -"Has Willie the eigarette habit?" a manufactory. That po'celain sink Mrs. Jinks-"N-no; he just smokes he wanted in that back room some them all the time, no matter what kind of a suit he has on."

O' course them open fireplaces in what looks like his office and private room's -"What is there about Miss Slasher that is attractive?" Helsn-"O, I always feel so well dressed when I am With her."

-Clara-"When you refused Freddie, did you tell him to brace up and be a man?" Sadie-"No; I didn't want to be unreasonable."-Detroit Tribune. -A Useless Member - "Mama, have room upstairs in the main house will

I an eye-tooth?" "Yes, Johnny, Why?" Why, because if I have I can't see anything with it."-Puck. Jin'es-"How's your cold-better?" Binks -"I think it must be. I've only had twenty different cures offered me,

and I've met twenty-one persons." -"He-I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb." She—'Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing."—Yonkers States

-He (rapturously)-"You accept me Then it's a bargain!" She (with her mind on shopping)—"Certainly. 1 shouldn't think of it if it wasn't."-Demorest's Magazine. of the dying day. Silas and Agatha Baldwin sat on the new porch appar--"Mr. Blinks' office is on the six

teenth floor. Just take the elevator up." Mr. Cornhusk-"Not much, young nan. This basket of eggs an' a carpet bag is enough for me to carry."

—Beethoven's Harmonies.—She—"In

the summer time Beethoven wrote most of his music in the open air." He (a melodist)--"And still he didn't get much air into his music."

-Paternal - "What's the matter. Charlie?" Charlie-"I swallowed my ump of sugar." Maternal-"Never mind, nevermind." Charlie—"But I de mind! It went down so quick I couldn't taste it."-Arkansaw Traveler.

-Misdirected Zeal.-Park Policeman (late of County Clare)-"Yer do be a poet?" Poet-"Why! Yes." Park Policeman—"Hov yez a loicinse?" Poet-"A license! For what?" Park Policeman-"Yer poetic loicinse, av coorse," -Truth.

-"Why don't I go to work, mum?" said the tramp, repeating Mrs. Cran-berry's question. "I'd only be too happy if I could get something to do in me own line of business." "What might that be?" asked the sympathetic woman. "Colorin' meerschaums, mum."-Once a Week.

-If an S and I and an O and U. With an X at the end, spells Su

with an X at the end, spells Su:
And an E and a Y and an E spell I.
Pray what is a speller to do:
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell side,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit slouxeyesighed.
—Winnipeg Review.
Violdinate D.

-Yielding to Pressure .- Great States man (at telephone) -"Is that the office of the Daily Tomahawk?" City Editor -Yes, sir." "Is your interviewing re-porter in?" "He is." "Well, send him over to Room No. 989, Gewjum house."
"Who are you?" "Congressman Space. I am traveling through your town on business having no political significance -mark that: no political significance and I am about to be prevailed upon, sir, after much solicitation-I think that is the proper form-to grant an interview to a representative of your paper. Send him along."-Chicago

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

Another Case of "Know It All," with the Usual Result.

A middle-aged colored man, with a stick and a bundle, and the mud of the country highway elinging to his broad shoes, was a passenger on one of the ferry boats coming over the other day. One of the negro deckhands looked him over and sized him up and approached him to inquire:

"Yo gwine over to de United Staits, I

"Yes, sah," was the reply. "Eber ober dar' befo'?"

"Bout fifty times."

"Ho! Jess reckon yo' knows all bout de United Staits, does yo'?" "Reekon I kin find my way."

"Yo' does, eh? Ize seen jess sich pus-sons as yo' befo'! Last feller he looked jess like vo', an' when I wanted to give him some pinters'bout de United Staits he dun said he knowed it all. Ize bin right on dis boat five y'ars an' knows a heap, but Ize not a pusson to gin any body advice when dev emagines dev knows it all. Yo' jess go right 'long an' git yo'rself buncoed all to pieces. "What's dat bunco?" queried the

other in considerable anxiety. "Nebber vo' mind! Yo' jess cum walkin' on dis boat wid yo'r head up in de air an' feelin' dat yo' knowed all bout de United Staits! Donn' blame me if ye' was buncoed. Last feller mighty nigh died ober it, but I hain't got no mo' to say!"

"But I want to know bout dat bunco!" persisted the stranger. "I hain't sayin' dat I knows all 'bout de United Staits. I hain't sayin' dat I kin find

my way. "Oh! Yo has cum down off yo'r high hoss, eh! Doan' know all 'bout America arter all! Now, boy, look heah! I don' want to see no cull'd man all smashed to pieces in Detroit, an' darfo' I oberlooks vo'r bein' so swell on de start. When yo' git ober dar yo' jess keep yo'r eyes peeled. If yo' meet a white man wid his hat on his ear an' a big diamond pin on his busom bewar of de bunco game!"

"But what am de game?" "Ize comin to dat. De minit I sot eyes on yo' I knowed yo' was as inner cent as a baby 'bout dat game. If dat white man stops yo' an' says dat owin' to his hardupness an' death in de fam'ly he will part wid dat diamond pin fur fo'ty dollars--"

"I won't buy it!" "Yo' won't! Boy, Ize talkin' to yo! Dat diamond pin ar' wirth ninety dollars, an' if yo' doan' buy it fur fo'ty dollars yo' was buncoed out of jess fifty big dollars! Ho! Yo' cum on dis boat feelin' dat yo' knowed it all, an' yo' didn't want no pinters from me, an' vit yo' was gwine right ober to Detroit to be buncoed outer half a hundred bones as slick as grease!"-Detroit Free Press.

A lady never extends her hand to a

man whose acquaintance she is making. She may or may not shake hands with a lady who is introduced, but she must not give her hand to a strange man. A low bow is the elegant form of salutation. A cultivated woman will not shake hands with any man, no matter how long she is acquainted with him, unless she respects and ad-mires him. A gentleman never extends his hand to a lady first. To do so would be presumptuous and subject him to a snubbing. A man shows his breeding the way he eats his dinner; a woman shows her breeding the way the receives people -Chicago Tribuna





All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. **活剂水洗水洗水洗水洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗洗**

Piquet presented it to the church of

Sainte Marie in 1852, and it was it used

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

-Certain species of ants make slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the Willen, of Terre Haute, Ind. During

-A bell that was cast in Spain in full force that is going to supplant the steam engine. It is probably a motive power caused by confining boarding house butter in a strong iron box.—Texas Siftings. slaves, the latter carry their mistresses | Bonaparte's invasion of Spain it was to their new home. One kind of slavemaking ants has become so dependent
on slaves, that even if provided with
food they will die of hunger unless
there are slaves to put it in their

to their new home. One kind of slavecaptured and carried to France. In
Joseph Piquet, heading a group of
the slaves to put it in their
at Sainte Marie, Jasper county, III. Mr. there are slaves to put it in their at Sainte Marie, Jasper county, Ill. Mr. mouths.

Were You Ever South in Summer? It is no hotter in Tennessee, Alabama, or Georgia than here, and it is positively delightful on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and West Florida. If you are looking for a location in the South go down now and see for yourself. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad and connections will sell lickets to all points South for trains of August 7th at one fare round trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, Beneral Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky. in summoning the people to worship

T....

THE MARKETS.	The bound of the state of the s
	Season of 1894.
NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 18	OFFICE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC RAMBOAD
ATTLE-Native Steers \$ 3 55 @ 4	85 Coursey We wish to gold attention to
OTTON-Middling 65 %	the fact that during the months of Au-
LOUR-Winter Wheat 260 0 4	the fact that during the months of Mar
OTTON-Middling 61 3 FLOUR-Winter Wheat 20 3 4 WHEAT-No. 2 Red 57	asy gust and September is the most favorable
URN-NO. 2	
JATS-No. 2	41 National Park-the World's Wonderland.
PORK-New Mess	The Hotel and Transportation Companies
ST. LOUIS	in the Yellowstone National Park are fully
OTTON-Middling 3	av prepared to take care of all business offered
SEEVES-Shipping Steers. 430 % 4	and it is hoped that some of those who have
Medium 4 to 62 4	50 abandoned their trip on account of the
10GS_Fair to Select. 4 10 % 4 1 6 5	25 labor troubles may be induced to take it
Still Lill - University and the state of the	25 2011 00 000000 00000 000 000000 000 000
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trange to Estenden 170 cc. 9	35 Post Monaga train service between the
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ORN-No.2 Mixed 55 6 PATS-No. 2 mixed 50 66	2014 ly resumed, so that no one need fear any
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Leaf Burley 8 0) 6: 12	on and Pullman vestibuled standard sicepers.
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31 Trien - Thorce Design	Section 1997 and the contract of the contract
PORK-Standard Mess (new) 13 75 % 13	ried on all through trains.
ORK -Standard Mess (new) 13 74 @ 13	Illustrated pamphiets and detailed in-
AACON-Clear Rib. 7 % LARD-Prime Steam 7 %	
ARD-Prime Steam 7 %	71 formation will be promptly furnished upon application. Chas. S. Fee.
CHICAGG	
ATTLE-Shipping 3 25 R 4 HOGS-Fairto Choice 410 2 5	60 General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
IOGS-Fairte Cheice 4 10 @ 5	25 St. Paul, Minn., July 25, 1894.
SHEEP-Fair to Choice 2 75 @ 3	M)
FLOUR-Winter Patents. 2 80 9. 2	100 Mrs mas a companyon and he malled
SHEEP-Fair to Choice. 2 75 G. 2 FLOUR-Winter Patents. 2 80 8. 2 Spring Patents. 3 10 % 3	HE was a countryman, and he walked
THE PERSON AND THE PE	THE PERSON AND THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE P
No. 7 Red 80 405	54 . over the door of a manufacturing estab-
ORN-No. 2	ishment: "Cast-Iron Sinks." It made him
DATSNo. 2 92	mad. He said that any fool ought to know

13 15 6 13 25 PORK-Mess the wi KANSAS CITY. | KANSAS CITY. | CATTLE—Shipping Susers | 3 20 2, 4 60 HOGS—All Grades | 4 80 6 5 10 WHEAT—No.2 Red | 62 40 OATS—No.2 Red | 62 40 OATS—No.2 Red | 63 6 5 50 OKN—No.2 | 64 6 5 50 OKN—No.2 | 65 6 5 50 OKN—No.2 | 65 6 0 OKN—No.2 | 6 FLOUR—High Grade 261 0 2 00 CORN—No. 2 00 0 0

WHEAT-No.2 Red CORN-No 2 Mixed OATS-No 2 Mixed (New) PORK-New Mess

14 G

BACON-Clear Rib.

in a stone quarry.-Brooklyn Life.

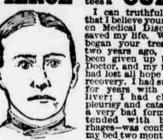
Is taken internally Price 75c. "Turs is a hard world," said the balloon, ist as he dropped out of the basket and li-

The most distant relatives are not always those who live furthest away.—Philadelphia Record.

FLANNEL next the skin often produces a rash, removable with Gienn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

A "RUN DOWN"

and "used-up" feeling is the first warn-ing that your liver isn't doing its work. With a torpid liver and the impure blood



upplication. Chas. S. Fee. General Passenger and Ticket Agent. St. Paul, Minn., July 25, 1894. He was a countryman, and he walked

over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast-Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.—Christian Word. Disaster Follows

When liver trouble is neglected. Uncasiness below the right ribs and shoulder bade, dyspepsia, nausea, constipation, sick headache, furred tongue. Do you want 'em' of course not. Use Hestetter's Stomach Bitters and you won't be bothered with them, or any other symptoms of liver dis-turbance. Make haste when the first signs show themselves.

Tue armless wonder is quite handy with

Hall's Catarrh Cure

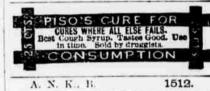
LAWYERS may be poets; they write lots of

that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-ical Discovery cures every one of them. PIERCE Guaran- CURE,



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